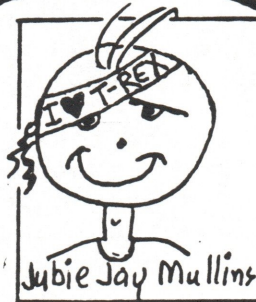


Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi ^{#6}

For next 4 issues send \$4 w/ 4 S.A.S.E.'s to P.O. Box 36189, San Jose, CA 95158



Special Countdown Issue for...



JURASSLIN' PARK

...or how little Jubie Jay Mullins forgot his pro wrestling roots and forsaked Hulk Hogan (and his 4 demandments) for a shameful evening with a really blown-up Tyrannosaurus Rex!!!



Pssst! Hey, Bunky. Do you get the feeling Jim Cornette is going to wake up as the sole head and chief decision maker of WCW anytime sooner than later? And that it's bye-bye to the booking committee, the what's for lunch committee, and the how are Shaw's and Deuy's hemorrhoids committee? Don't be surprised, Bunky. It's in the works! --JDM

What it means?

STEVE BEVERLY'S RETURN

It probably won't

rank a mention as one of the year's most significant stories in the Observer, Torch, or Outside Interference year-end wrap-ups, but for me, the biggest gap related news--so far in 1993--is the announced return of former Matwatch editor Steve Beverly to the sheet wars.

In a recent edition of the Observer, editor Dave Meltzer led off his widely read READERS' PAGES section with a plug for his fellow 900 line co-hort, explaining that the Bevster was going to be putting out a monthly sheet.

As most of you recall, Beverly published a weekly newsletter during the late 80's before giving it up a year and a half ago in January 1992, due to a change of job and an expressed desire to spend more time with family.

Whereas, most likely, there were other reasons for Beverly's departure from the newsletter scene (personal health and stress related problems were candidly mentioned by Beverly himself) some felt his newsletter's subscription base was becoming slowly but significantly eroded by the up and coming multi-dimensional Torch, whose aggressive, remarkably talented, college-age editor/publisher Wade Keller of Minnesota changed his sheet from a bi-weekly to a weekly format and more or less,

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HINT OF IMPENDING DOOM!

Dear Parents or Guardians of Jubie Jay Mullins,

Once again, as principal of Lucretia Mott Elementary School, I, Mz. Ida Fartzapon, must inform you that your 9½ year old child, Jubie Jay Mullins, is again on the road to being suspended from school due to his odd behavior which, I fear, continues to resemble "crowd response" during a WWF taping at a sports entertainment facility instead of suitable student behavior at an institution for public school education.

For instance, Jubie's inability to sit quietly and keep still during our school's big end-of-the-year assembly during which I was on stage to hand out awards to Honor Roll students (like that sweet little Sissy Hyatt girl.)

Now, I'll be the first to admit, when I am introduced to an assembly of students, I do not expect them to give me a standing ovation or a resounding chorus of "Hip-hip-hurrahs!" However, I do expect the children to be polite. A little groaning, maybe, is to be expected from children at this age--since I am an authority figure. Maybe even a smattering of "boos" can be overlooked, since I am the person who frequently has to discipline some of the students.

But, in the case of Jubie Jay, I cannot overlook it when I walk on stage and--after saying only a few words--I look out into the audience and I see him holding a large hand-painted sign that says, "We've Herd Enough!" Not only was it rude to hold up a sign like that, but his spelling was atrocious!

As if that wasn't enough, when I continued to speak into the hand held microphone, he began yelling at the top of his lungs, "We want Mike McGurk! We want Mean Gene Okerlund! We want Howard Finkel! We want Rhubarb Jones! We want Gary Michael Capetta! We want Ron Lemieux!" Not only was that rude, but our school employee and enrollment lists don't even have staff members or students with names like those.

In a way, I guess I might be able to overlook it when students throw things during an assembly, things like paper air planes, spit wads, and confetti. But, prey tell, where does Jubie get the idea it is okay to pick up cartons full of milk, folding chairs made of metal, and garbage cans loaded with uneaten school lunches and throw them onto a stage which is crowded with fellow students, teachers, and me, his principal!? And what ever gave him the idea it was okay to run through the aisles (whenever an Honor Roll student's named was called) and start whipping honorees with his belt as they screamed and ducked and tried to get to the stage without being hit?

Now, I know that conducting an assembly in which only twenty or so students are recognized is not a lot of fun for the remaining 500 Kindergarten through sixth graders who have to sit patiently through two hours of speeches and presentations, and that there might be some jealousy experienced by some of the children who do not receive honors, especially when it comes to presenting the large, framed, over-sized, glass-encased, three-foot-wide by four-foot-tall Certificate of Achievement Award to the student with the highest grade point average.

Yet, where does Jubie Jay get the idea that he can run

in the summer of 1990, went into direct (and at times mutual and antagonistically personal) head-to-head competition with Beverly for those newsletter readers who had just enough extra bucks (in a time of recession) to subscribe to a second weekly sheet after they had bought their copies of the "Bible" of the underground pro wrestling scene...the Observer.

Most surely, subscription dollars--or a smaller and smaller piece thereof--was not the only straw that burdened and then caused Beverly to call it quits. But Beverly's weekly Matwatch had been the undisputed number two sheet for several years and certainly it had to become wearing to be the target of the Keller juggernaut which included Keller's own penchant for playing "pissball": a form of "hardball" and at times being a major "pissant" for reasons which were clear mostly to Wade (and probably to his "mentor" Dave Meltzer who, in truth, has always had a two-faced approach toward Beverly--a public face and a one-on-one face of cordial comradery, yet a private face of distrust and even jealously spawned, perhaps, during the time when Beverly was heavily connected with the NWA/WCW, when Beverly had a growing list of "insider" contacts, which translated to "news" and "scoops" which would run in Matwatch before the Observer got them, and when Beverly began to host what eventually

onto the stage (wearing that ratty little bath robe of his^③ which has the words "Nature Boy" printed on the back) like he did when little Sissy Hyatt was receiving the Certificate of Achievement Award, and grab the hand held mic and yell into it that Sissy is a "dirt bag bimbo who couldn't wash Luna Vachon's shorts!" and then pull the big glass-framed award out of Sissy Hyatt's hands and swing it at her with all his might?!

Luckily for Sissy, who saw it coming and ducked at the last moment, she was spared from becoming a rerun of the Sherry Martel-Shawn Michaels-Marty Jannetty "incident" that I heard Jubie talking about several months ago!

Not so lucky, however, was Jubie's fourth grade teacher who was also on stage at the time...standing next to Sissy...when Jubie swung...and Sissy ducked!!! I emplode you to watch the video of the incident--in slo'motion--to see how Jubie's teacher took that brutal shot to her head. (In view of all the blood loss she suffered and the horrible forehead scars she will carry with her the rest of what will probably be a very brief and shell-shocked life, I will be surprised if she will ever fully recover to teach again.)

I might add, when I scolded Jubie for what he did, I personally feel it was rather insensitive and inappropriate of him to make the comment he made when I told him his teacher's forehead was going to need about thirty-dozen stitches and that when the stitches were removed, her forehead would resemble a slab of prime veal that had just passed through a bladed meat tenderizer. Did Jubie apologize? Did he beg forgiveness? Did he express regret? I don't know about you, but I don't consider, "Hell, a forehead like that never stopped Dusty Rhodes from having a good year!" to be an appropriate sign of remorse.

If I've said it once I've said it a number of times. Your child, Jubie Jay Mullins, is sick! He watches too much television violence! He reads too many newsletters from places like Campbell, California, Minneapolis, Minnesota, and Hallandale, Florida, and I also think he's been getting his hands on some disgusting newspaper columns about pro wrestling written by some deranged lunatic in Detroit, Michigan, someone named M.L. Curly a.k.a. Jim Thompson.

Mz. Ida Fartzapon, Principal, Lucretia Mott

THE JAWS OF JURASSIC HELL BEGIN TO OPEN!

Dear Unca Jim Thompson, Detroit, MI,

Hi! It's me! Your fourth grade loving, FANGORIA reading, CINEFANTASTIQUE devouring, 9½ year old lil' vitamin-chomper (like a T-Rex). Your two-fisted praying thanks to the Big Guy In The Sky Dude (like a Velociraptor who's just cornered a fat, tasty little, jello-eating moron who thinks she's safe behind locked doors in the JURASSIC PARK CAFETERIA because she thinks Velociraptors can't OPEN locked doors, HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!). Your (patooie!) relatively small (patooie!) and deceptively cute (patooie!) and believing in himself and Hulk "The Stegosaurus-man" Hogan (patooie!) and hooting like Ric Flair and spitting great slimey gobs of mucus like a Dilophosaurus missing-link. It's me, your faster than a speedy Gallimimus doing a gazelle-like run-in on the WCW Saturday Night Show nephew, Jubie "JAY-RASCAL-PARK" Mullins!

Whoooooooooooo!!! Patooie!!! Oh, yeeeeeeeeaaaaaaah!!! Whatcha gonna do when THE JURASSIC JUBE fires hot sinus lube

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turned out to be one of
TBS' most successful
wrestling 900 numbers,
which could expose
Beverly to potential
newsletter subscribers
which--possibly and
realistically--could
cause Meltzer a good deal
of political, status, and
economic problems.)

So, for now anyway,
Steve Beverly is making a
comback. Since I have
been a little slow to
subscribe to his new
sheet (and since I've
really been on "hiatus"
and have not spoken to
anyone about it) I have
not yet seen a copy, if
indeed Steve has
published one yet.

Which brings to mind
why I'm excited about the
return of Steve Beverly.

Down deep, down where
the sun don't shine and
where lunch is turned
into food for the soul
(and where it is also
turned into the kind of
torpedoes which bring
smiles of joy to the
faces of dieticians who
want all us Americans to
eat more fruits,
vegetables, and Boston
Baked Beans!), down deep,
I'm hoping that once in a
while Steve Beverly will
kick some f----ing ass!

Now that I got that
little wet dream out of
the way (Sure! Beverly
is gonna kick ass! Huh-
uh. And the moon is made
of Swiss Valveeta), I'm
glad Steve is back
because his unique point
of view has been missed.

When he was doing his
weekly sheet, I usually
skipped all the gimmicky
stuff and the t.v.
ratings info and enjoyed
Steve's editorializing,
his vast recollection of
wrestling during a time

all over youuuuuuu? (Call Buddy Landell?!)

I was just gonna pick up the phone tonight and call
Unca Dave Meltzer over at Campbell-by-the-Sea, but he's
probably not home. Tonight, he's probably over at the San
Jose State College Events Center waiting for that planeload
of fat Japanese sumo wrestlers to arrive for their big event
this weekend. You know Unca Dave. If it's got anything to
do with Japanese wrestling, he'll sell his mother's soul,
trade Luna Vachon's tatoo'd tits, and give away Wade
Keller's left testicle to be-e-e-e-e there!

So, instead of telephoning Dave three hundred times and
voting thumbs up or down on WCW's SLAMBORING pay per view
(Yeah, I use to auto-dial Unca Dave several hundred times a
night in the past and vote for PPV's. Now that I'm not
doing it anymore, have you noticed how many fewer calls he's
getting for the Observer's PPV polls?!), I figured I'd write
to you instead.

Unca Jim, I am almost peeing in my sleep every night
now, just waiting for Friday, June 11, when the opening of
JURASSIC PARK THE MOVIE rolls around.

And I am also feeling inexorably guilty, because the
WWF is gonna be in the Bay Area this month, and they're
selling kids tickets for only \$3 each, and I really don't
care, since I'm gonna be busy seeing JURASSIC PARK once a
day everyday this summer just as soon as school gets out,
and I won't have time for live WWF shows!

Oh, Jesus H. Michael Crichton (and put Vince McMahon in
Jail and Slam the Big Door) Christ, Unca Jim! If Hulk Hogan
hears what I just said, will he make me give back my yellow
bandanna? Will he make me turn in my sponge 2x4's? Will he
make me rip off my "F--- Yokozuna" T-Shirt? Will he tell
"Macho Man" Randy Savage not to adopt our school? Would he
put me on his Mega-Powered-ICOPRO hit list and leg-drop my
boney little butt to an unmarked island off the coast of
Costa Rica, where there is no wrestling on television and
where they take little kids like me and chop 'em up into
meatballs and feed 'em to five story tall, 50-ton, 100-foot
long, hungry, sharp-toothed foragers from the dark and
forboding DNA-twisted past??!!

Ohhhhhh, YESSSSSSS!!! I am so ready to become dinosaur
fodder and line up at the movie theater's merchandise booth
and buy a T-Shirt of the fat guy who gets a load of deadly
Dilophosaurus splooch in his face. I can a-l-m-o-s-t TASTE
it!!!!

Adam Bomb? Adam Who?! He's a pro wrestler?! Forget
Adam Bomb, Unca Jim! Nuclear holocaust, guided missiles, and
molecular meltdown was the worry of another generation.

For my generation we kids worry about the nation's
deficit! We get ulcers when the bond market slips due to
higher interest rates. We lose sleep over the Incredible
Shrinking President (Holy Scary Sherri's underpants! Bill
Clinton's fourth month in office and his Approval Rating is
lower than Gerald Ford's after he pardoned Richard Nixon!
Lower than a -***/DUD match between Papa Shango and Jim
Duggan!) Our generation wonders if--when we grow up--will
there ~~will~~ be any wimmin left to fuck who don't have AIDS?

And, more importantly, unlike your generation, which
worried about the end of the world thanks to radioactive
waste and fallout, we have nightmares about what the world
would REALLY be like if George Lucas and Stephen Spielberg
and Stan Winston and Dennis Muran and Phil Tippet were all

when many of you were still in diapers (okay, okay, when some of you were still in Little League!), and his beautiful way with the written word.

I know. I know. Some of you don't like Steve because you have bought into the Keller-Madden bitch (and Meltzer's quiet, behind the scenes bitch) that Steve is or was a shill for WCW and that he was biased.

I know this might sound insensitive and uncaring (and of course I reserve the right to change my opinion), but, like Rhett Butler said so firmly in GONE WITH THE WIND, frankly I don't give a f---ed fig.

• • •

Which brings us to another matter. Why is Steve Beverly coming back? Oh, I'm sure he probably mentions some of the reasons in the first issue of his new sheet.

--His new job is probably running a lot smoother than the old one and he has more free time on his hands.

--He's driving his wife nuts being home and available all the time. ("Yiikes! Damn it, Steve! Stop sneaking up like that! And stop it with the cold hands! You want to do that, go find a goose, for crying out loud already!")

--WCW was going to release him from the TBS 900-line, and that would give him even more time to put out a little ol' monthly.

--Steve is feeling better now with most of the stress out of his

in the same car one night and it plunged off the road near ⁵ that deadly bridge that killed Adrian Adonis (and the guy who wrestled bears in Canada) and there were no more terrific-horrorific-sci-fi fantasy films with the great scripting, super directing, amazing life-sized models, stupendous visual effects, and awesome computer generated action sequences those guys do!!!

I know. I know. With my latest (Pro Wrestling, huh? What's pro wrestling?) attitude, Jim Herd and Dave Meltzer are going to blacklist me from ever calling their 900-REAL WRESTLING gossip lines. Luna Vachone is gonna kick me in the nuts (when they get a little bigger, after I pass through puberty!) Jimmy Snuka is gonna give me "the look" with his creepy eyes, and during the THE KING OF THE RING pay per view, Howard "The Fink" Finkle is gonna announce to the world that "Jubie Jay Mullins still sleeps with a binky in his mouth and a security blanket wrapped tightly in his little hands because he's afraid that some night Ricky 'The DNA Dragon' Steamboat will sneak into his bedroom and go 'Hoot' and spit great green globs of fiery Dilophosaurus snot" in my face!!! (What's a KING OF THE RING TOURNAMENT anyway? I just don't get it. Is Mean Gene Okerlund and the WWF going intellectual on us, or what?)

Well, Unca Jim, I also wrote because I was sneaking through my Unca Jeff's mail box this afternoon and I sneaked a look at your personal letter to him. Yeah, isn't it amazing that Spielberg brought out E.T. THE MOVIE on Friday June 11, in the 1980's and now, a decade later, almost to the year, he's bringing out JURASSIC PARK on Friday, June 11!!!! (Man, you are worse than Meltzer, the way you notice little things like that!) The spirituality, the mind-boggling-space-warpedness of it is too much for my little squared-circled brain cells!

Hey! I just had a wild thought! What if a million years from now, when everyone has forgotten about pro wrestling, some guy finds some of my dead little DNA particles in the belly of a mosquito that got caught in a drop of petrified pine cone sap, and he clones me to life, and he asks me to explain what pro wrestling was all about, and when I say, "Hmmmmmm, shouldn't you have cloned up some Dave Meltzer DNA?" he says, "Dave Meltzer who?" and I get this little grin on my face and whip out some old issues of Pro Wrestling Sushi and a couple hundred M.L. Curly columns from THE DETROIT NEWS as the ultimate source and reference manuals for the ancient sport of grunt and groan!

Man, I don't know about you, Unca Jim, but just thinking about it (how a million years from now people might perceive what pro wrestling was all about if all they ever were to know about it came from old Sushi's and M.L. Curly columns) makes the two or three tiny pubic hairs on my budding little pre-teen balls curl with anticipation!

Talking about two or three, congratulations on writing your 200th M.L. Curly column for THE NEWS. May the next 300 columns be just as enlightening, profound, full of truth, and, uh, hysterically historical as the first few hundred!

Well, I hope I don't do anything that gets me into trouble and gets my ass grounded and keeps me from going to see JURASSIC PARK this Friday night at 9:45 p.m. You know how I have missed a lot of big wrestling shows in the past because of getting into trouble. I really think if I missed opening night of J.P. THE MOVIE, I'd probably hold my breath

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life.

--His creative juices are flowing once again. And, he might even point out, that during his absence from newsletterdom, he was never really impressed with the pretenders who tried to fill his shoes as one of the top, hardcore, pro wrestling insider weeklies, and that while the efforts by John Arezzi (Spotlight) and Alex Marvez (Three Count), etc., were valiant attempts, none of them really filled the void that now exists and which he will try to fill again, though on a monthly basis.

--And he'll probably mention that pro graps is in the pits right now, but that when you're on the bottom, it can only mean there is only one way to go, and that way is up, and he'd like to help usher in the "new" era with salient comment, introspective wisdom, and a point of view which none of the other sheets have right now (since, as Mark Madden might put it, after all, Steve has been a shill for WCW all these years and should have some interesting stories to tell!)

But what are the other key reasons Steve Beverly is returning to the sheet wars? What are the real reasons behind his decision to comeback for another try? The "reasons" he probably has not printed in his new bulletin? Let's try some on for size. Run em' up the flag pole as they say.

--Without WCW's hot line, and without a medium through which he

and run screaming out loud up and down the aisles in church on Sunday morning, June 13, until blood squirted out the veins in my forehead! Say a prayer and eat some vitamins for me, okay, Unca Jim. Right now, seeing JURASSIC PARK is more important to me than if the Hulkster whips Yoko Lard Ass and sends his butt clear back to Godzilla's VALLEY OF GWANGI!

Well, until June 11, here's some (Whoooo!) high-tech prehistoric saliva coming at you! Patooie! Oh, yeaah!

Jubie Jay Mullins, age 9½,
Sushiland, CA

JURASSIC JAWS SNAP SHUT...ON JUBIE JAY!!!

Dear Unca Jim,

Just because a guy spits a load of green nasal slime on a bet at his school's principal's car and "accidentally" hits her right in the middle of her eyes causing her to lose control of her convertible (with the top down) and crash into a truck carrying a bunch of live chickens and another truck hauling a load of hot roofing tar only ten minutes after the last day of school lets out for summer vacation, is that any reason why a nine and a half year old kid should be kept back in the fourth grade for another year? And not allowed to go see JURASSIC PARK THE MOVIE until the year 2001? I think not. Hock-phooie, man. Jubie Jay "Heading toward Extinction" Mullins.

'CHEERS,' LIKE GRAPS IN THE 80'S... BOTH-R-MISSED

Yesss! Schoooooool's out for SUMMER! Sock it to me Alice Cooper-baby!

Hello, everyone! I'm Jeff ("Whatcha gonna do when Yokozuna squats on y-o-u!?") Mullins, and welcome to Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi, pro wrestling's least regular yet most "politically correct" newsletter (issue #6 to be exact), the friendly little, cheery little, red-white-&-blue grapola sheet... where... everyone... knows... your... naaayyuuumm! (Sigh...I'm gonna miss that show!)

Yes. I'm gonna miss that fat Buddy Rose-assed Norm Peterson parked on his stool at the corner of the bar every Thursday night. I'm gonna miss Postal-Person-Cliff and his egocentric ass-holie Harvey Whippleman ways.

And wild Carla. Did you ever wonder what she and Danny DeVito looked like when they were home in real life? Naked? Having sex? I mean, did that porky little sawed-off excuse for a midget-wrestler-look-a-like ever come home after a hard day on the set of BATMAN II--dressed like the Penguin!--and, in that TAXI voice of his, yell, "Hey, Luna! Babboo! Bend over and drop your drawers! I've got a frozen cod here that needs microwav'n!")

And Kirstie Ally's weeping, bawling, screwed-up but sexy Rebecca who simply has got to have the sweetest-looking, warmest-smelling, softest-feeling set of get-lost-in-them, swim-in-them, and-never-come-back B-A-Z-O-O-M-S this side of (Jeff Zinger's Copywritten Hot Love Babe from Hell herself) Missy Hyatt.

And Woody-the-barman who gave new meaning to the word, "Huh?" and whose vocals on the show's opening song were as sweet and as nostalgic as a VCR-of-the-mind playing a silent slow-motion black and white highlight clip of Ric Flair in the early days, the days before Jim Herd, before Dusty-the-

can promote himself and express his ideas on a national basis, Steve Beverly is persona non grata. I think that's how it's spelled and I think it means that Steve would become just one of the little people out there, a tiny point of light, but not a star, and certainly not a star that could be easily marketed if opportunities presented themselves. Hey, there is nothing wrong with wanting to be a star. The point is, without the vehicle, sans the WCW 900-line, without a radio show, without a newsletter, without the inside position at a major wrestling promotion, he has no valuable spring board. His marketability, his clout, his importance is diminished to a degree. Out of sight, out of mind, as they say.

--Running a successful newsletter is like having a key to the club. The mere fact of editing a letter--if it's legitimate and respected and if it has readership (or if people think it has readership)--opens doors, gets attention, gives one a degree of power, makes people take notice and treat you other than they might. For a lot of years now, Steve has enjoyed the key to the club. Why give it up? His reputation, his background, his experience will not get him a key to hardly anything, without the vehicle, the newsletter, the medium to ride on.

--Possibly, with the job move and the loss of WCW's phone line and with the loss of significant

Booker, before WCW.

And Frazer-the-Shrink and his kinko-wife Lillith who, if I'm not mistaken, was the role model for Dustin Rhodes' current wife when she was Alexandra York, the computer-toting manager for Mike Rotunda when he was (pre-W.W.F./I.R.S.) Michael Wallstreet.

And good 'ol Sam Malone, whose wardrobe consisted of the best looking long-sleeved shirts in television history. Go ahead, check 'em out on the re-runs and tell me that Sam Malone wasn't a regular Larry Zybysko Fashion Plate to be envied, and then explain to me why shirts like that can never be found in my neighborhood Macy's or local K-Mart?

And, of course, Diane: television sitcomdom's answer to Missy or maybe even Dark Journey of the old Michael "P.S." Hayes and Bill Watt's UWF days. From what Missy says, Journey was crazier than Missy was.

Diane, who to this day still reminds me of the young and pretty long-ago wife who would sit home alone with her long legs curled beneath her on the sofa, laughing (and crying) with Diane and Sam during the show's early years (on evening's when I'd eventually get home late after yet another late night's bout with compulsive work-a-haulism), only to come home one night to a quiet house, the sofa empty, and on the coffee table a small envelope containing the brief (prelude to a divorce) note inside.

Odd, how some things you miss and never knew how good they were until they are gone, and sometimes you wish you could squeeze shut your eyes and then open them and suddenly the things that are gone have come back, if only for a fleeting moment, just long enough to recapture the taste, the feeling, the essence. Sort of like the way pro wrestling was back in the mid-80's. Or back in the 70's. Or the 60's. Sort of like the feeling you get when you're reading through Evan Ginzberg's Wrestling Then & Now and you come upon a piece written by David Williamson. You know the feeling, dontcha? I'll bet even Dave Meltzer knows the feeling even though he won't admit it.

Yeah. I'll miss CHEERS. (Sigh.)

CARTOON SPOOF SPOOFS WRESTLING!

Did you see the recent REN & STIMPY SHOW which has the dumbfunny duo doing a pro wrestling bit on NICK? In this segment Renmiester and Stimperoo were hooking 'em up with a pair of huge brutes who were built like cement mixers. It looked like a Lucha Libre style match to me. The announcer had Okerlund down pat. Renster and Stimp were good guys under hoods. The heel tag-team's interview was pure Big Van Vader and Harley Race. Best move: A flying "butt pliers" by one of the heels. (Go ahead, picture it. A flying butt pliers, for God's sakes! And we wonder why the youth of America is going to hell in a handbasket.) McMahon is rumored to be interested in signing Ren-o-rama and Stimp-a-mania when their contract is up with NICK. He plans to call them the "Really Nasty Boys" or the "Buttwhackers." Whereas the match ended with a Dusty finish, and Ren's interview exposed the business, neither one of these crimes against humanity were enough to spoil any of the 12:00 minutes of solid action. (Or was it Stimpy doing the interview?) Our heroes won using the dreaded STF submission hold. (Stimpy's Toejam Fumes!) Solid booking. Lot's of heat. ****½

revenues he was making with Matwatch-the-weekly before he folded it, he could use some extra bucks to fill what must surely be a sizeable hole in the household budget. Even though a lot of folks out there have fled the newsletter and pro graps scene as of late, the kind of people who subbed to Matwatch were very hardcore and many were and are still loyal devotees of Steve Beverly and should flock to sign up for the monthly sheet. A few hundred bucks a month equals several thousand dollars a year and I'm sure this is a consideration. Nothing wrong with that either.

--If Steve was not doing a letter, would he really have been invited to join the Meltzer-Herd 900 line? Hmmm. A lot of guys on that line (although neither Riki-Jack Hammeroyd, Jubie Jay Mullins, or I got a call), so it's likely. But with a sheet added to all the rep and all, it was a gimmie. "Steve Beverly," the promos can say, "National Newsletter Publisher!" It has a certain ring, eh?

--Also, it's sure to cause a tiny bit of a stir up Minneapolis, Minnesota way as no doubt Wade Keller is wondering exactly how much of his own subscription base will be trimmed as Torch readers weigh their options (especially former Matwatch readers who went to the Torch when Matwatch took a hiatus a year and a half ago.) And that's got to put a little twinkle in Steve Beverly's eye. Hey, the man's only human. (Although it's

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LEX LUGER'S PONDERDUS PECS!

Sushi News Service (SNS) has received many inquiries about the noticeable scars and alarming stretch marks located on the formidable upper chest area of professional wrestler "Narcissist" Lex Luger.

According to some sources, who regularly pass information on to the Wrestling Observer and Pro Wrestling Torch, the scars (which WWF cameramen and film editors try to hide from TV viewers) were the result of deep wounds received last year when Luger was involved in a motorcycle accident.

According to other insiders (sources who, for some reason, are never quoted by Meltzer and Keller), the stretch marks are a result of Luger overdosing on ICOPRO, and the scars are from his gimmick where he blatantly licks, nibbles, and then bites down on his own pectoral muscles during house shows.

LUGER'S PECS NEARLY EXPLODE!

SNS has learned that "Narcissist" Lex Luger was rushed by ambulance to Memorial Hospital several nights ago after he fell to the mat while clutching his massive left and right pectoral muscles.

According to eye witnesses, Luger was standing in the ring, posing in front of his mirror, when he stopped smiling and started looking down at his gigantic pecs which seemed to be dancing and jumping around uncontrollably. Then, suddenly, according to ringsiders, Luger got a quizzical expression on his face, an expression which turned into a look of pain and then agony as he cupped both hands around his emense and wildly bouncing breast muscles and fell screaming to the mat.

At this time, Luger's condition as well as the reason he grabbed his monstrous pecs and fell down are unknown, though some sources claim that in the past few weeks they have noticed a dramatic and seemingly painful increase in the size of Luger's pecs. One source, a close friend of Luger's, who wishes not to be identified, says that Luger's pecs had actually starting doing the "rhumba cha-cha" thing on their own, outside the ring, in airports and restaurants at any time, and that Luger was growing quite concerned.

LUGER BECOMES... FATHER ?!

The mystery surrounding "Narcissist" Lex Luger's pectoral muscles problems (unnatural size, stretch marks, spastic behavior) has been solved. According to a spokesperson at Memorial Hospital, "Luger's tits were pregnant!"

Luger simply went into labor while he was in the ring, and later that night, at the hospital, via caesarean section, Luger and his large bosoms experienced the miracle of giving "birth to two large and lively cysts!"

At this writing, proud but bewildered papa Lex and his unusual looking "offspring" are doing fine. At a combined weight of 6-pounds, 9-ounces, the lively little Luger "twins" have been named "Nars" and "Cyst." Because Luger's busy WWF wrestling schedule prevents him from regularly breast feeding the spunky youngsters, Luger has put his "sons" on a special infant formula, ICOPRO's liquid BABY-PRO DIET ("For tykes who are serious about bodybuilding during

really Meltzer who better keep an eye on Keller, for Wade is still young and like a ball of fission which just seems to grow and grow, Keller is more of a threat to Dave--longterm--than Steve is a threat to Wade.) But, you never know.

The worst possible scenario, of course, is if Steve Beverly has lost it, the edge, the thrill, the motivation, or worse yet, if he comes out looking like one of the pretenders who tried to replace Matwatch within the past 18 months.

Anyway, here's hoping that the Bevster knocks our socks off! Welcome back Steve. And good luck. --Jeff Mullins

Squared Circle Squid:

Where in the world is Cactus Jack? I know. He's out looking for Carmen Sandiego. And where is Carmen? If you don't get that one, like Sharon Stone says at the end of SLIVER, get a life. Hmmmmmm... Sharon Stone... Even though SLIVER was only *½ (compared to BASIC INSTINCT's *****), I still like her. She's sort of a Missy Hyatt with 100 more IQ points.

Saw an ad for ICOPRO WIND in a Joe Wieder fitness magazine. Did you get that? "Wind." What's it do? Enable you to fart like Superman? No thanks. Anyway, beans are cheaper.

Whatsit with Chicago Bulls fans whenever Team Jordan wins a title? All that senseless violence. Something about people from Chicago. Bunch of f---ed up little buggers, I guess. (Question:

their first months!").

Luger says he has no problem if his "boys" want to become pro wrestlers when they grow up (which will be very soon if they stick to the BABY-PRO regime.)

LUGER'S 'KIDS' TO DO T.V. SPOTS

Youngsters "Nars" and "Cyst," the Luger "twins," have been signed by ICOPRO to do TV commercials similar to the commercials aired by the "Milk, It Does a Body Good!" organization.

In the ICOPRO commercials, the little Luger "kids" will wear Hitman Hart sun glasses from the WWF merchandise catalogue (in order to hide the fact that cysts don't have eyes), and they will pose and flex like their famous dad, while complaining that they are tired of being squishy, oozing, softball-sized globs of abnormal tissue and that they want to look like milk drinker "Tom" (the kid in the milk commercials who looks in the mirror and sees himself in the future as a highschool senior) and that they want to have a bunch of good-looking babes hanging all over them (like Tom's girlfriend hangs all over "big" Tom in the milk commercials).

Because he has done such a good job teaching Kamala to talk, the Rev. Slick has been appointed as Nars' and Cyst's voice coach (which will be tough duty, since cysts don't actually have mouths, teeth, or tongues).

LUGER TYKES' COMMERCIAL IS PURE WWF FUN

SNS has learned that one version of the ICOPRO "BABY-PRO" television commercial, starring "Narcissist" Lex Luger's infant "toddlers," will feature Nars and Cyst doing a Hulk Hogan/Bionic Beefcake-like interview where they pose for the camera while yelling, "Whatcha gonna do when 'Lump & Bumpy' run wild over you?!"

In another commercial, the Luger "kids" will become engaged in a food fight where they will bash each other with gimmicked, break-open bags containing ICOPRO powder. Then (similar to a recent Nasty Boys versus Head Shrinkers brawl) they will squirt each other with mustard and BABY-PRO liquid, and then (like a pair of egg batter-covered hush-puppies) they will suplex themselves into a vat of boiling cooking oil where upon they will be eaten by Mean Gene Okerlund.

Naturally this commercial will only be shown Saturday mornings on WWF MANIA with host Todd Pettengill (when all the little Hulkamaniacs are up, while their parents are still asleep!).

MOVE ASIDE REN & STIMPY... HERE COMES...

Nars and Cyst Luger, fresh from their award winning (though uniquely violent) BABY-PRO television commercial successes, have been signed by Fox Entertainment to star in their own half-hour situational comedy.

Called THE LUMP & BUMPY SHOW, the terrible duo's sitcom will air Saturday nights at 9:00, which puts them head-to-head against REN & STIMPY on Nickelodeon.

Like Ren and Stimpy, the "Bionic Biopsie Twins" (as the rambunctious little Lugers are known in the industry) will get into all sorts of mischief, pull pranks, do slapstick scenes, and generally create gross and disgusting havoc, sort of like their pro wrestling father. Fox is counting on

"Lance! Lance! Why are you dancing on top of strangers' cars while wearing those big ol' cleated lumber-jack boots?" Answer: "Because we won! And because the owners are not around!") Huh-uh. Whatcha gonna do when the Chi-Town Yella-Bellied Niggard puts on his booties and prances all over youuuu? (Yes, I know. Old habits Die Hard. But he's such a putz.)

Am loving WCW's interviews with old Masked Assassin II. The voice of river gravel. The nerves of corded steel. The neck of tree trunk. The eyes of, uh? Two's got eyes, doesn't he? Maybe they are not eyes. Maybe somebody peeled a couple hard-boiled eggs and drew a thin black marker pen across them. Those were he kind of staple interviews of my youth, man.

So, Meltzer's in bed with Jim Herd, John Arezzi, Mike Tenay, and a host of other telephone bandits. Damn. Wouldn't it have been great if on that unexplained list Meltzer sent out there would have been at least one "surprise" name? Like, for instance, Harvey Cobb? Really enjoyed the way Bruce Mitchell in Torch made fish fillet of Dave's butt. The way Dave mailed out that flyer for the 900-line without including an explanation was reason enough for me to agree with most everything Mitch said.

See all you blade runners sometime within the next 360 days! When you least expect it! I really miss you, Sushigansters! -- Jeff

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LUMP & BUMPY to knock the popular REN & STIMPY SHOW out of first place in the ratings.

SUCCESS SPOILS 'LUMP' & 'BUMPY'!!!

SNS has learned that Fox Entertainment has cancelled THE LUMP & BUMPY SHOW and has fired its stars, Nars and Cyst Luger. According to Fox, LUMP & BUMPY was doing well ratings-wise. The problem was the behavior of Nars and Cyst whose mood swings and roid-like rages were terrorizing the Fox production crew.

"I don't know if it was something they ate or drank, or if it was something that got passed down via the genes from their father," said a Fox executive, "but those two little pus pistols were crazy-loco!"

When pressed for details, the executive described an incident which took place in the office of the president of Fox who is renown for his hobby of raising pygmy killer whales in large glass fish tanks located along the walls in his office suite.

Still dressed in their LUMP & BUMPY outfits, Nars and Cyst were pressing their "faces" against the glass tanks and were generally harassing the pint-sized orcas. The FOX boss yelled at them to get their greasy little mugs away from the tanks.

Next thing we know, Nars is digging something out of his gimmick pocket and saying to Cyst, "Hey, Bumpy, what's black and white and red all over?"

Cyst, who is climbing up onto the top of one of the tanks, answers, "Gee, I dunno, Lump. What is black and white and red all over?" He says this while he is reaching into the water and is pulling a pygmy killer whale out of the tank by its tail and is tossing it down to Nars who catches it in the object he is holding which has an electrical cord whose plug he is plugging into the wall socket.

"You don't know what's black and white and red all over, Bumpy?" he yells, as he puts a lid on the glass container he is holding (which contains this frightened, \$50,000 tiny killer whale) and he flips a hidden switch.

"Ohhhhh, now I know what's black and white and red all over, Lump. Hee-hee!"

"What is it, Bumpy? What is it? Haa-haa!"

"It's a whale in a blender, Lump!"

"...And that's only one of the milder problems we've had with them," said the Fox executive.

I dare you to find a front page of the Observer, a-n-y front page in the last 5 years of the Observer, in fact, any page a-n-y-w-h-e-r-e in the entire h-i-s-t-o-r-y of the Observer (except for maybe the READERS' PAGES or Jeff Bowdren's old booking columns which don't count here) where editor Dave Meltzer has attacked with such vituperativeness any U.S. wrestling promotion, even the WWF, as when (with a bit of help from Jim Cornette) he literally screw'd, blew'd, and tatoo'd WCW hierarchy in his 6/28 edition, where the front page--which by now most of you probably have read at least twice--contains such terms and epithets directed at WCW as "retarded," "total embarrassment," "stupid," "miserable," "f---ing abomination," "should...be forced to watch (the \$80,000 July 18 PPV promo) over and over again until they puke up their toenails before being shot," and that WCW would be "better off dead" thereby "allowing others to start up."

Of course, Pro Wrestling Sushi has been saying stuff like that for the past 4 years. But, hey, Dave. Better late to the party than never. Boy, the nipples on my pecs get hard just thinking about what's to come. Too bad most of the action is going to be in the sheets instead of in the rings! -- Riki-Jack Hammeroyd